THE INNIS HERALD

April 7, 2023

Volume 58
Issue 4

The Innis Herald wishes to acknowledge this land on which the University of Toronto and Innis College operates. For thousands of years it has been the traditional land of the Huron-Wendat, the Seneca, and the Mississaugas of the Credit. Today, this meeting place is still the home to many Indigenous people from across Turtle Island and we are grateful to have the opportunity to work on the land of Tkaronto.

Letter from the Editor

My dear Innisians,

Hello again, one last time.

[**Wow.** *What*? **That was such a terrible beginning to what's supposed to be an exciting and dramatic last letter from the editor. Wtf Yash, what have you done to this once accomplished and competent paper? You're almost as bad as The Mike now.** **GASP* **I said almost. One more time, from the top**.**clears throat**]

Hear me and rejoice. For I, your beloved EIC, have returned.

[**What even. Why?** *Why not? It's funny*! **No. With great power comes great responsibility. A letter from the editor is supposed to be inspiring and insightful. You're literally just having a conversation with yourself and making your poor readers sit in on it. Come on, try again. Maybe use the theme of the issue to do something fun like last time. That Valentine's day love letter was pretty well done.** *Aww, really? That's so sweet* :) **Perhaps try leaning into the yearbook vibe that we're going for?** *Ooh, ok, I've got it now*.]

Yo Yo Yo,

What's good my homies? As we approach the end of another gnarly school year, it's time to take a trip down memory lane and remember all the lit moments we shared together. Let's kick back, chillax, and reminisce about all the banger times we've had.

[**Stop. You're embarrassing yourself. What was that?! Why did you turn into an early 2000s high school jock named Chad?** *I don't know! You said do yearbook vibes, I'm not even entirely sure what that means*. ***Sigh*** **You know what? Move aside, I'm taking over**. *Wait wha*-]

My dear readers,

So, this is it—the fourth and final issue in volume 58 of the *Innis Herald*. I have had the most amazing time as Editor-in-Chief this past year and to end things off, I just want to say a few thank yous.

Thank you to all of you who contributed to the paper (and the podcast) this year. It was truly a treat getting to read each and every one of your brilliant submissions. It always blows my mind how insanely talented all you Innisians are but I now know to never again expect anything less.

Thank you to the most creative, competent, and chaotic masthead any EIC could ever ask for. I am so glad I got to meet and work with all of you and I apologise for all the last-minute changes, the terrible deadlines, and the drab meeting presentations.

Thank you to everyone who came to Jazz Night (and the far inferior but still kinda fun AGM). I had a really great time planning that event. Hearing all of you proudly and passionately profess your deep love and desire for the paper was… *chef's kiss*.

Finally, thank you to all the readers. Your compliments and criticisms allowed us to keep going, creating, and doing weird things to pizzazz up the paper. I hope you enjoyed the issues and episodes we put out and were not completely confused by the unhinged social media posts or totally intentional errors we threw in. (Btw, I'm still disappointed that you couldn't figure out that first crossword. Tsk Ttsk).

When I ran for EIC, my goal with the paper was to try and liven it up a little. The *Herald* has always been interesting, insightful, and intelligent but I wanted to make it slightly more entertaining. I felt it needed a bit more of that college-student charisma, a little more personality, and a lot more puns and bad alliterations. I hope that along with the rest of the marvellous masthead, I have been able to accomplish that. Seeing our (often terrible) ideas go from scribbles in a notebook to stacks on a stand was a fantastic feeling that all of us on the masthead will cherish for a very long time.

Next year I will be taking a step back so that a new EIC can come in with even more fresh ideas and initiatives. I am so very excited to see the Herald evolve in Volume 59 and will play my part in keeping it scintillating, surprising, and slightly stupid.

Your 2022-23 Editor-in-Chief,
Yash Kumar Singhal

[**And THAT is how it's done. Sweet, succinct, and sentimental. Pretty good right?** *Yeah. Not too bad*. **Not too bad?! That's a brilliant finale to the volume**. *It's nice but it's missing something. Where's the iconic last quote like, "Part of the journey is the end" or the weird end credits with bloopers on the side and a bad remix of the movie theme? It's… it's got to be more… dramatic*! **This entire thing has been a weird, long, internal dialogue. Isn't that dramatic enough?** *Nooo, I want people to get all sappy and teary-eyed, cause I'M all sappy, and teary-eyed…* **Aw buddy. Trust me, anyone who's read this far is bound to be crying already. Plus, we're literally going to be on the masthead next year too...** *Wait, we are*? **Yup! We're coming back as managing editor remember?** *Oh yeah! You're right. I totally forgot about that*. **Of course I'm right. Okay so, are we good? Should we end this monstrosity of an editor's letter?** *Yeah, let's do it*. **Do you want to do the honours?** *YES*.]

Bye, everyone!!! Thanks for sitting through all that. Best of luck with finals, have a great summer semester, and keep reading the *Innis Herald* :D

V58 2022–23 The Innis Herald Masthead's Most Memorable Experiences of the Year

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
YASH KUMAR SINGHAL
"The Great Creaming. Getting absolutely slathered in whipped cream during orientation showed me what it feels like to be cake for a second. 10/10 would recommend."
CREATIVE DIRECTOR
SAMANTHA "SAM" GUEVARA
"Someone on a skateboard in a Spider-Man costume pointed at me and screamed "looking good MJ" along St. George street."
JUNIOR CREATIVE DIRECTORS
MAYUMI RAMOS
"Getting stoned with a stranger I met on r/UofT (NOT CLICKBAIT!!!)."
MICHELLE WONG
"Falling asleep on the GO train during my 8am commute and being woken up by a stranger."
SOCIAL MEDIA COORDINATOR
RHEA GOSAIN
"Orientation 2022 Harold's House. The blankets, the fairy lights, the music, the hot chocolate, the sleep-deprivation induced chaotic final speech. It was perfect and I cried."
ONLINE EDITOR & PODCAST PRODUCER
CATHERINE DUMÉ
"Arguing why military time sucks! (I'm looking at you Yash)."
JUNIOR ONLINE EDITOR
EMMA TRAN
"colouring at 2am with Suite 501 <3."
JUNIOR PODCAST PRODUCERS
MARTY HEWITT
"Visiting the Toronto Islands."
HUIPENG LI
SENIOR COPY EDITOR
KIRAN BASRA
"All those times I didn't get stabbed on the subway."
JUNIOR COPY EDITORS
YUJIN OH
"Yujin if you're reading this I'm in your walls <— Mayumi Ramos being inside my walls."
MARGAUX YIU
"Doing an escape room marathon in Chicago with strangers."
SENIOR LAYOUT EDITOR
LINDA CHEN
"Submitting my last ever school assignment."
JUNIOR LAYOUT EDITOR
JESSICA CHU
"Creation of the suite 701 art wall"
GRAPHIC EDITOR
LINA YAN
"Reading, cooking, and making art when my roommate went home, and I got the apartment all to myself for a good 2 weeks."

THANKS FOR READING THE INNIS HERALD! — MASTHEAD 2022–23

ICSS 2022-23

IRC 2022-23

Changing of Seasons: Innis Hallway

Eva Chang
STUDENT LIFE

The hallway connecting the west and east wings of Innis College contains a wall covered by large windows, to one side, and the entrances to Town Hall on the other. It's a frequent sight for anyone who takes classes at Innis, but people don't stay for very long here; it's a stark emptiness compared to the seating at the café, at the front entrance, and in the library. It's a space of inevitable transition. Of people and moving images, shifting seasons. Relationships, cinema, and weather meld into one another, shifting within. The space contains a surface tension in which the walls undulate and breathe in its interaction with our bodies in motion.

We spill out from Town Hall in the pace of a thin river stream. It's uneasy to exit class in the evening and see that it's turned dark out. Our skin turns perpetually cold during this time, yet everything continues in its quickening pace. Adaptation takes the form of large coats draped over the theatre chairs and blushed up fingers writing out long essays.

A lover leans against the exposed red brick separating the wall-length windows, with lethargic brown eyes and a grin pulling up the edges of his lips. He helps drape a scarf over the person he was waiting for. In conversation he creates delicate adjustments of his silver necklace, so close around his skin it could be a choker. The circling of the chain makes the night fall deeper and deeper into blackness, until we cannot see. The season's first heavy snow is brought to sight the next morning, after walking downstairs from the darkened classroom of a three-hour lecture, a ten A.M. screening of challenging avant-garde film.

There's crust around our eyes in the morning akin to the dew on the Innis green. Lovely autumn. It's a rare instance that students are sitting at the tables outside. Enthusiasm is not so marred by the long class periods yet, so a large number of second years file into the black box of town hall. There's talk before classes, when everyone's pressed against the window walls and eyeing each other's outfits of the day. A specific variation of collective effervescence is determined, smoldering and solidifying within those destined to see one another frequently for the next few years. Comradery in the form of study sessions and proofreadings follows through into the later parts of the semester, whenever it's needed.

In the warmth, though, the quiet sun mirrors the silence of the hallway. Summer semester leaves the building at slow rest, sighing in its sleep. It gets lonely here. It gets hot here. A few festivals find their way into Town Hall, and thus so do strangers find themselves in the hallway, light illuminating against their faces as if they're a procession of minor gods visiting a bygone world.

But before that, in spring, it begins to quiet down. Contrary to the green grass now peeking out from its hibernation, a sweeping exhaustion blankets the idea of attending a long lecture. Anxiety returns with the host of threads weaved throughout the year: friendships, enemies. A heightened physicality rises into our chests. Hunger manifests into scarfing down food during ten-minute break periods without regard for the crumbs that fall onto the carpet. Another pair of lovers steal secretive gestures such as the brushing of hands or even a kiss. Sometimes tenderness can be found in close quarters such as this, later into the school year. Stories circle around. None stick long enough to stay within the walls. The organicity of connections means they rot away from this place. The artificial nature of academia means it stays plastered in the air, rather immortalized. Films end and their characters disappear from the movie frame's line of sight, but there is always another available to play next.

Knowledge is a slow march for us. It accumulates in a yearly process that doesn't stop for anything. The hallway, at the end of the day, keeps the studious cycle going. It shields from the unsavoury parts of the weather but gives a view, nonetheless. It encourages consistent movement, both natural and contrived at once. I find this space to be akin to the protection that the study of art provides for—what I assume—a lot of others who frequent Innis.

BOO!!
AAAAH!!!
hee hee
THE PIGEON CHRONICLES VOL.3
The pigeons wish you the best of luck for the end of the semester! To end off the issue, please enjoy the story of this crafty pigeon's dastardly schemes...
You know what day it is...
time to do a little trolling
hee hee
nice beak bro
"HEY! Got your beak!"
LOL!
FRBRFPRTRTRTT Yikes!
Now it's time for the biggest prank of all...
BONUS PIGEONS
doin' a little trolling
hee hee
Oh no, now I'm stuck :(
We won't help you...
School of the Environment
AUDITORIUM
JUST KIDDING! APRIL FOOLS! We'll always love you!
THE END!

What my Innis shirt has seen this year

Miran Tsay
STUDENT LIFE

I feel as if it's very appropriate to write this article. It's the end of first year. I'm very happy to be at Innis. Many of my precious friends are from orientation. The kind staff and tomato soup from Innis cafe has truly saved some bad days (the jerk chicken is also *so* good, because some of the jerk mixes with the rice, and then the flavours! The pasta salad is such a nice compliment mmm…). I'm currently taking ENG197, Time Travel and Narrative, which takes place on the third floor. The library's 4-cent printing got me through the first semester because I like to be able to hold important readings in my hands. The last *Herald* issue has a bunch of articles done by me and my friends, which I still fangirl about whenever I see the print lying around.

I sound like a poster child for Innis. I could be. Although I didn't know Harold Innis, the guy our college (and accompanying newspaper) is named after, was a political writer and thinker. The bookkeeper from Seeker's (if you happen to visit, say hi to Churchill for me!) mentioned it during one of my visits recently, perhaps in February. Still, I'm not terribly fond of the blocky red architecture, the left door leading out of the cafe hates me, I may have forgotten some of the chants, and the basement bathrooms scare me.

But I'm grateful. Innis college has folded into my life, as have the people and the newspaper and the shirt from orientation. It reads: INNISTOGETHER (which, annoyingly, always prompts that one line of that *High School Musical* song in my mind) and since it's entered my closet, it's been around the block.

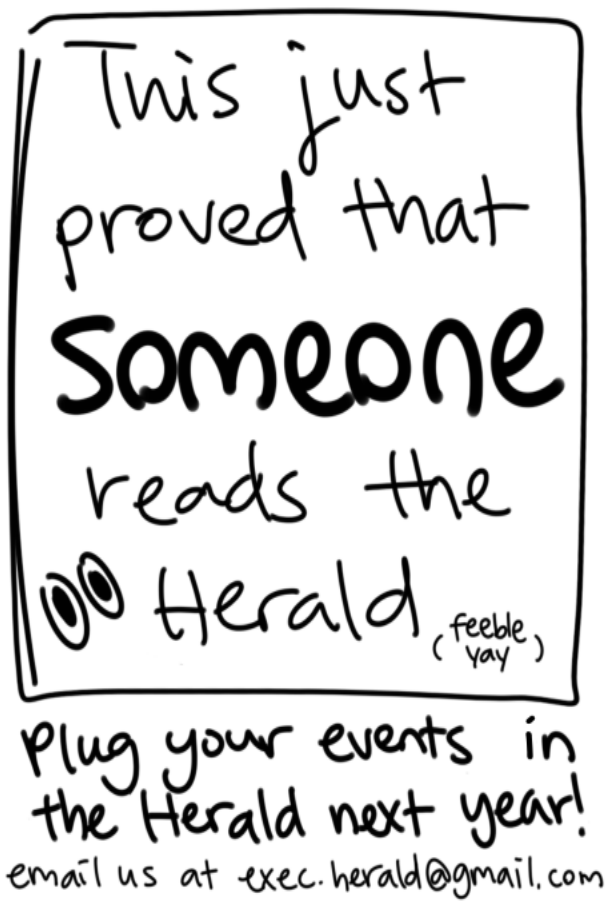
Early September: It sat in my bag as I met some pretty cool people. I can't express how amazing some of them are and how much I wish I could squish them right now and just scream because I'm so lucky to be their friend. They've shown me some funky things: linguistic trees, crushing halved potatoes with a fork to make crispy wedges, the movie *Scream*, shows in Etobicoke, fried dough rice noodle roll, rugby terminology (honourable mentions: *Black Swan*, Alison Bechdel, bi lightsabers, what a mosh pit feels like, and old PATD!) …to be loved is to be changed.

Mid-November: I used to have very healthy and mid-length hair. just above my shoulders. However, I wanted to properly try short hair: not just chin length, or a half-wolf cut, but real short, like a typical guy's haircut. So I changed into my Innis shirt, put my garbage in my sink, grabbed the only scissors I had—kid scissors my sister and I used for playdough—and got rid of chunks of hair to the best of my ability. My dad was on the phone with me, discussing my family and my sisters as I cut my hair for two hours. It turned out okay, I think. A bit scraggly. I like to think I've gotten a bit better at cutting my own hair, but who knows.

Early December: The dryers at the Chelsea Hotel decided it was snack time. My clothes bear scars. Socks have holes in the top, a bargain t-shirt got its left sleeve chewed up, and one of my favourite jackets has rips in it. I remember leafing through my hamper the day after I got my clothes back, when I realized they had been massacred, and hoping my other jacket and Innis shirt hadn't been ruined. Thankfully, both of them were unscathed, and I hope to keep it that way.

Late February: I got sick during both reading weeks. It was subpar. The November sickness was wretched, so many hot flashes and puking and feeling weak. February was not as bad. Everything ached, and I remember getting out of the shower and wanting the specific feeling of the Innis shirt. It's a bit rougher and coarser than some of my other shirts, but big enough that it's breathable and comfortable. All clothes have specific textures. The shirt wasn't in its usual drawer and I wanted to kick something. Eventually, I found it with my socks. I think I slept for 14 hours after I put it on.

I default to Innis. I just made plans to meet one of my friends at the cafe tomorrow. I already spent a good chunk of time at the college today, for ENG197 (although I was, admittedly, late) and to kill time in between my next class with two friends. Nothing has made university more bearable (and even lovely) than the small, artistic college with a chonky red exterior, the kindest cafe, and wonderful people.


This just proved that Someone reads the Herald (feeble yay)
Plug your events in the Herald next year!
email us at exec.herald@gmail.com

The Cafe

Yash Kumar Singhal
STUDENT LIFE

As I am writing this piece, I'm sitting at the corner table at the Innis Cafe, sipping my perfectly pink strawberry blonde smoothie, and looking around at students typing away at their laptops with one hand on their keyboard and the other holding a sandwich. By June, this place will be unrecognisable.

If you haven't already heard, the Innis Cafe will be closing its window at Innis by June 15th, 2023. This is to accommodate the Innis College Renewal and Expansion project, an exciting new endeavour that has been in the works for almost six years now. The expansion project will completely transform the college, starting with the west wing and making its way to the rest of the building. Once completed, it will give students even more and even better spaces to do homework, meet friends, plan events, and read the *Herald* (not so subtle plug). It's going to be great, and all of us are extremely excited about it… but change is always hard. To make way for the construction and the commotion that will start this summer, the entire west wing of the college will be closed off and inaccessible. This includes the ICSS and Herald offices, the commuter lounge, the rooftop terrace, the basement, some classrooms, and of course, our beloved Innis Cafe.

The Innis Cafe has been around for almost twenty three years now. That means they've been feeding hungry college students since before most of today's hungry college students were born. Innis' very own family-run restaurant is the only real place to get hot meals at Innis. At peak times, you can find a line of students and staff stretching out into the hallway, waiting excitedly for their paninis and burritos. Gunash, one of the owners of the cafe, is proud of how the menu has evolved and expanded over the years taking into account suggestions from students.

Delicious food aside, the Innis Cafe is infinitely valuable to students because of the people who run the place, the Agars. Gunash Agar and her husband both have PhDs in Food Science and Technology, but more importantly, they have a passion for food and service. I remember coming to UofT, a somewhat disoriented international student in an entirely new city, and finding a warm, homely meal at the Innis Cafe. Now, I'm there almost every day for a coffee, a croissant, and a conversation.

To students and staff alike, the Innis Cafe has been a hallmark of the college for years. They have catered an enormous number of Innis events (including the 2022 Orientation!) and have seen first years who went on to return as professors. The worst part? To return to the new Innis space in a few years, the Agars will have to bid and 'prove their worth' after all their years of service. The Cafe has been a constant in our lives, a pillar in an ever-chaotic and changing Innis. A 23-year-long relationship, broken. Innis has always had a unique personality: one of warmth, home, and comfort. It will be heartbreaking to see another overpriced chain restaurant or uncaring catering service replace the Cafe that staff and students so adore.

Suffice to say, Innis will not be the same without them.

"My experience with the Innis Café is as simple as delicious food and friendly service. I've been buying lunch from the Café since 2019, and immediately through small talk Gunash introduced herself and her Turkish background. I was curious about the Café since it appeared to be the only one on campus owned by the employees and rather than corporations like Starbucks, Pizza Pizza or the Second Cup's Aegis Brands Inc. This year I also got to know the Café's new Spanish-speaking part-time employees. We chat after my Spanish class and I get to try out new phrases. The Innis Café is one-of-a-kind on campus. After 20 years of impeccable service to students, staff and catering clients campus-wide, they have more than earned the right to continue their work on our campus. I hope readers will visit the Innis Café if they have not already!" **- *Jesse***

"The Innis Café is truly a wonderful place. You can tell the staff cares about their customers and cares about everyone being well fed." **- *Stella***

"Day 3 of orientation, dead on my feet. The coffee that I ordered was my one and only hope of surviving that day. Seeing my desperation, they simply would not let me pay. Those of you who saw me at the end of that day can appreciate what a close thing that was. Thank you, Damon." **- *Curtis***

"My favourite memory of the cafe comes from last year. I just began my order with, "I'd like a coffee-" and the woman working at the counter turned around before I could specify what temperature or what amounts of cream/sugar I wanted. Somehow, she made me the best goddamn drink I've ever had, and it was somehow exactly what I was craving. True wizardry that I am very grateful for." **- *Charlie***

"I used to go to the cafe all the time last year. I still go when I can this year. They're super nice people with great food. It's so nice of them to keep track of people's names, have little friendly conversations, and give free upgrades. Just going there is always a mood lifter :)" **- *Neruka***

"Last year, I was lonely and anxious pretty much all the time. Often the biggest highlight of my day was the Innis Cafe staff during lunch time. They would also offer me extra things. Their soup+pastry combo is one of the best things I've had on campus." **- *Cindy***

We're going to miss you. We're really going to miss you.

As a community, we want to thank you for being a cozy fireplace in the winter storm of college life. We really hope that the Agars can return to the new and improved Innis in a few years. Until then we're excited to see where the family goes, and promise to stop by for a smoothie and a *Spanakopita*.

Innis College Renewal Project

Rhea Gosain
STUDENT LIFE

It's been a long time coming now...

From its humble beginnings as 'the biscuit box' to its larger quarters at McDonald-Mowat House in 1968 to the building we now know today, Innis College has been through a number of relocations and renovations. However, since the day we opened our brand-new doors in 1976 the college has had no renovations to increase its capacity to account for the drastic increase in student enrolment. That is...until now!

The Innis College Renewal and Expansion project began in January 2017 with the formation of a project planning committee on which, in true Innis fashion, student representatives sat on. By the end of the year, we'd hired architects and began consulting with students. Student engagement has been vital for the development of this project. Our fellow students spoke with architects, were chosen as Student Ambassadors to represent the project, and most importantly, established the Student Levy.

In 2019, the Innis College Student Society created a levy to contribute to this project. The levy will include a contribution of $5 per session for 5 years or until the opening of the new wing, whichever occurs first, followed by $15 per session for 20 years. Over time, the levy is expected to bring in $1.3 million and will contribute to the cost of building student co-curricular spaces (including an *Innis Herald* office. Eyy!). At the heart of student involvement in this project is the idea of leaving our space better than we found it. Many of the students who were on that initial planning committee have long graduated, but their contribution of time and effort will be felt for generations to come.

This renovation has been a long time coming now. It will include expansion of the Innis Café space (we're going to have a fireplace, y'all!), a lobby in front of Town Hall (no more crowding after class!), a new and improved commuter lounge (the Innis basement is honestly better than what we have now iykyk), a modern rooftop terrace (imagine grabbing a Mango Mania smoothie and chilling up there), and the relocation of OSL offices to the college building (no more sneaking into Res for those health and wellness meetings – I mean, what? No, I've never done that…).

The renovations are exciting and seek to improve our current spaces, with an emphasis on those that are student-facing. But let's travel back in time to 1966 for a second. In two years, the student enrollment had grown from 278 to 685, and we were desperately in need of a new building (much like we are now, with an enrollment of 2000). In developing this new state-of-the-art building, the Innis administration behaved outrageously at the time – they insisted that students serve on the building committee. When the college finally opened in 1976, students were again involved helping move furniture to the new building.

Students have always been a part of the conversation, from 1966 to today, and they must continue to be. While plans on how the college will operate during construction are still in the works, we encourage students to ask for open and transparent communication from the Office of the Principal and the Office of Student Life. Use your voice like our Innis predecessors did before you and remember (cue TikTok audio), the rats don't run this city. We do.

The Innis Herald Podcast Has a New Home!

Catherine Dumé
STUDENT LIFE

In case you didn't know, *The Innis Herald* not only produces bi-monthly issues but also banger podcast episodes! For the past year we have produced about eight episodes, two per issue. We talk about all aspects of student life at Innis and at U of T more broadly. We also highlight the amazing works of our contributors! We stream on Spotify and Youtube.

The Innis Herald Podcast was founded by me and two former masthead members (Josie Meza-Silva and Stephanie Lee) and we released our pilot episode on March 25th, 2022.

This year, I signed on to become the leading Podcast Director and hired our fantastic Podcast Producers, Marty Hewitt and Huipeng Li, who have worked extremely hard to host, edit and produce high quality episodes. Check out episodes such as the V58 Halloween Special, Introducing Karen and the Heralds!, A Return to Pragmatism with Kyle Newcombe, Innis Lore with Briane Nasimok, and so much more.

But as you may be aware, Innis College is going to be renovated to accommodate for a brand new expansion. This unfortunately throws a wrench in the possibility of recording at the *Herald*'s ("ICSS") office, when the libraries are completely booked. So the Podcast Team desperately needs its own studio.

Now I always knew that the CIUT-FM Radio Station was based at Hart House's Map Room, but I never saw anyone use it. This led me to think there has to be a studio that we could book from and produce our show.

I tracked down the radio station manager, Luke Smith, who runs CUIT-FM. I presented to him our problem and by some miracle it turned out that CIUT-FM was in the middle of renovating their new student podcast studio, which is free to use for all U of T students!

The studio provides access to equipment and audio editing software. It also covers the cost of podcast distribution to improve the discoverability of student podcasts. Students who plan on using the room will be trained by CIUT-FM staff and will be given support. They also are always looking for new student volunteers!

Luke Smith says, "Providing a resource to students to express themselves is a key to our mission of broadcasting remarkably diverse and compelling programming. We have already heard from several campus podcasts looking to use the space."

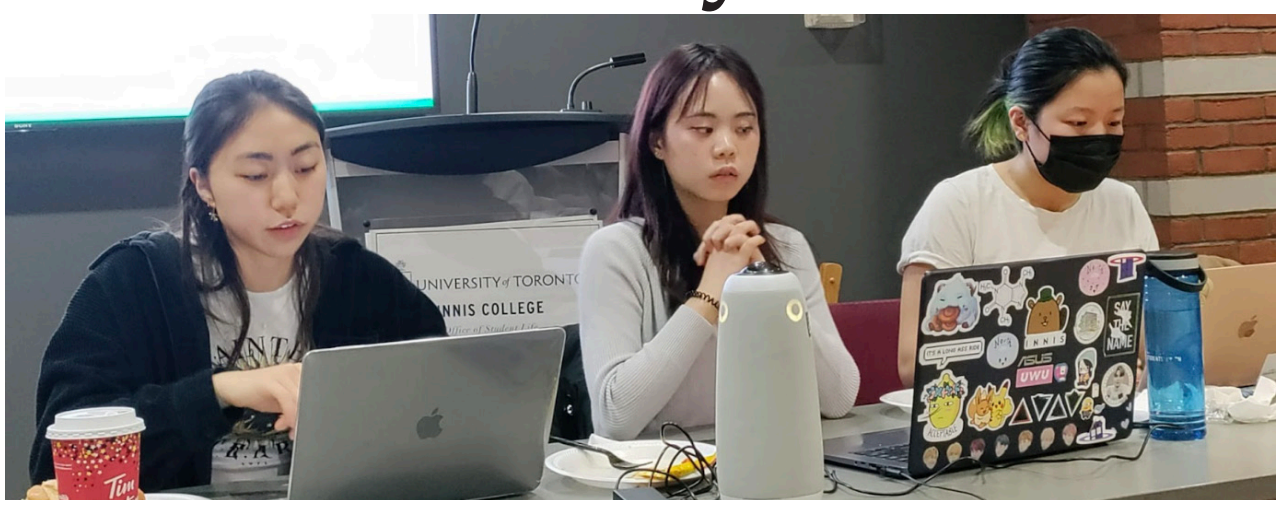
On March 13th, 2023, the Innis Herald Editor-in-Chief, Yash Kumar Singhal, and two members of the podcast team (Marty and I) visited the new studio after they officially opened. We were impressed by the studio, its professional soundboard, its audio software, the number of microphones we could use at the same time, and how soundproof it is.

Our last episode for the year will be recorded at the new studio, marking a brand new transition for the upcoming year with our new Podcast Director.

I am very grateful to have stumbled upon this opportunity. Thank you to Luke and the rest of the CIUT-FM team for supporting us, and to The University of Toronto Community Radio Inc. (UTCRI) for investing in this amazing resource for students!

Innis' Democrussy

Yash Kumar Singhal
STUDENT LIFE



Ah, the Annual General Meeting, the wonderful time of year when Innis students from different years, programs, clubs, and communities come together to ~~eat free food~~ vote on changes to the Innis College Student Society's constitution. The 2022-23 AGM took place on March 2nd at the Innis residence events room and ran for a little more than two hours, covering 14 motions in that time. For those of you who missed it and don't want to read through the 11-page meeting minutes, here are some specially curated highlights of the evening:

- In total, 108 Innis students voted at this AGM, attending online, in-person, or by proxy.
- All Innis students had the opportunity to submit motions, i.e. potential changes or additions to the ICSS constitution that they believe would help improve the student experience at the college. These motions would be presented at the AGM, discussed, revised, and voted on by the assembled quorum. Cue the fancy politics!
- After a short address by madam president Ayaka Teshirogi, as well as a rundown of the ICSS' hard budget by VP Finance Emil Stonynov, the very first motion was brought up for discussion.
- (1) Student Fees might go up! The assembly voted in favour of the motion to allow the ICSS membership fee to be increased based on rises in the annual cost of living. Although such an increase would have to be approved by ICSS council members, it may lead to slightly higher student fees in the future (which also means better and more frequent events and activities!)
- (2) Kit Inferno, the adorable baby beaver that has been Innis College's unofficial mascot for quite a while now, was voted in with zero opposition to be the official ICSS mascot! I don't know about you but I can't wait for all the amazing BEAVER-THEMED MERCH this will inspire!!!
- "I'm gonna get a Kit Inferno tramp stamp if this passes." Rhea Gosain, ex-OC, Grad Rep, Charlie's #1 fan.
- (3) Ooh, this was kind of a spicy one. Taking effect in the 2024-25 session, the ICSS executives (President, and 3 vice presidents) can now each be awarded a $1000 honorarium for their work on the council! The executives in question would have to submit a report at the end of the year, to demonstrate that they've successfully met the requirements of their role. A vote will be taken and unless a 51% majority votes to repeal the stipend, the ICSS executive will be compensated for their hard work. There was quite a bit of healthy debate around this motion. Concerns about potential voting bias, abuse of power, equity issues, and the availability of funds were all brought to the table. After lots of questions, concerns, conversations, and revisions, this controversial motion did ultimately pass. The assembly agreed that it's important to compensate the student leaders for their work as it would motivate more people to get involved and make student leadership more accessible.
- *"EMIL USE A DAMN CALCULATOR"* - Cindy Yan, VP Internal
- (4) Not one, not two, but three off-campus representatives can now be elected to the ICSS! Commuters make up a large portion of Innis' population, and while those living at the Innis residence have the entire Innis Residence Council, students staying off-campus could do with more representation on the council.
- Skipping a few kinda boring (but very important) administration-related changes and we arrive at… (5) From now on anyone running for the role of ICSS president, Executive VP, or VP Internal would have to have served on the ICSS or attend at least 50% of ICSS meetings in the past year. So, if you're eyeing any of those fun roles for next year, better pull up to the next ICSS meeting! (There are often snacks, friends, and political drama so it's fun to attend anyway)
- (6) Last but certainly not least. Remember orientation? That was fun right? Well, it takes a LOT of planning, work, and sleepless nights to pull it off so it seems only fair that each of the two Innis College Orientation Coordinators will now be receiving an increased honorarium of 3500$!

Andddd…. What? You thought that was it? No, no, no. There was an additional referendum put in place so that three more incredibly important motions could be put forward. Taking place alongside the ICSS general elections, this referendum was bound by the same minimum quorum and voting rules as the AGM. Here's a rapid runthrough of how it all played out:

(1) The proposed $4.97 increase in student fees (to a new total of $32) ultimately did not go through.

(2) The next time someone wants to start a new funded club at Innis, the process will be a lot easier now that an OSL staff member will no longer have to be called in for approval. This gives the ICSS more autonomy and the students a little bit more control over what kind of clubs they want to support!

And finally, (I promise this is actually the last one) motion number (3) gives the ICSS the ability to temporarily suspend portions of the constitution during extreme and unexpected scenarios. Oh ho ho ho, the power they now hold. Will this be the thing that pushes the ICSS into deceit and corruption? ICSS GONE ROGUE? Innis' political NIGHTMARE?! Nah. They wouldn't do that.

Or would they?

No, they wouldn't.

Or would they?

Nope.

Nope?

I'm just kidding, the motion also included multiple safeguards such as a rigorous voting process and an easy way to repeal such temporary changes via petitions. In fact, this motion will actually make it harder for the ICSS to ignore the constitution, what with all the added red tape they now have to go through.

Well, there you have it, folks: the 2022-23 ICSS AGM and referendum recapped in far less than 11 pages.

You're welcome.

A letter to an old friend

Emma Tran
CREATIVE

Hey!

I hope you're doing well right now. I really do. I was reminded of you today, but it's not the first time. It was a beautiful day, which made me feel like winter is almost over. Not to sound apologetic, but I'm sorry for not writing sooner. Truly. Somehow, it took me so long to think of what to say. I've tried writing to you on three separate occasions, but I scrapped those ones before they could find their way to you.

I guess there are just so many things I could start with. Or maybe there's too much that I've missed. If I'm being honest—and I hope you understand—I thought to myself that you must be a completely different person by now. I wondered if you were ever reminded of me. I didn't know how to approach this because I was unsure if we'd be far apart now. Part of me worries what you would think if you saw me today. I'm almost certainly not what you picture in your mind. I'm still simplistic at heart. Disgustingly sentimental at times. Some days I just don't feel like doing anything, which I'm sure is surprising to you. I'm not sure if I can take on the world, but I guess I've made a start.

There's been so much happening recently. If you were with me right now, you would think I'm crazy. But you would love it too. There have been times when I thought I couldn't be happier, and times where I cried more than I believed was physically possible. I moved cities and I'm living on my own, just like you always heard me talk about. I've grown to want better for myself, and I'm not as shy anymore. Well… maybe if it's been a long day.

Speaking of which, time seems so much more scarce now. I try to find quiet moments where I can slow down. It makes me realize that the time we spent together is so precious. I wish I could experience it again. Then again, it's just wistful thinking. Everyone says that we haven't even seen how good life gets. And that we won't believe how much we'll have changed once we're older. We're just starting out. You were never apprehensive when it came to things like this. I'm not like you, but I wish I was. Sometimes, I feel small. I doubt if I'm ready. I often wonder: Did I miss some turning point? Did I miss some crucial moment? Did I not try hard enough to improve? You probably know what I'm talking about.

And over time, I realized that I'm not quite as unique as I thought. I sometimes fear that I'm already getting dull. I think there's a sort of numbness we all become accustomed to eventually; it's difficult to be sincerely happy. It's not easy to be carefree when you remember there's three midterms and a paper due in the same week… But you'll be glad to hear that I still desire to open my heart to people. I always will. Being yourself just takes a bit of getting used to now.

I know it's been a long time since we spoke. I have a feeling you might be holding back a little. I hope you're being kind to yourself. Eat well! Don't skip any meals, you'll feel much more tired than usual (not that I'm speaking from experience…). I hope you're not staying up too late these days. I can say that having a random burst of motivation at 2am is the most productive time you'll ever spend getting things done. It is also a sign that you seriously need to get some rest because you'll probably be delirious from the lack of sleep. And most of all, I know there are probably times when you'll be overwhelmed. Times where everything seems to be too much to handle. Times where you'll wonder if you can make it. Just do it little by little. Believe that you can get there.

I hope you'll find the time to respond. I would be so happy to hear from you. Actually, I just hope that you've received this letter. Hopefully you smiled, even if only a little. Paper delivery may take a little longer, but I really think it has its own charm. Maybe because it's the only thing I'll patiently wait for. Please write to me soon! If you feel lonely, tell me what's on your mind. I miss you, and you know very well how much I do. I'll always be in your corner.

Take care,
Your old friend

Note to the reader:
This piece came about from a sudden urge to create. It's not often that I'm able to channel this ~creative energy~ and let it out onto paper, but I really felt the need to write this down. I'm supposed to be doing another assignment (whoops), but I had to write this first. With the school year soon coming to a close and summer coming up, it feels a little bittersweet. It's a sort of jumbled mix of relief, nostalgia, and the thought of saying farewell (not to be too mushy…but you get what I mean). It made me think of the many years that have passed already, and how different life is now compared to how it was before. I think of the people that I've lost touch with or that have moved onto a different path. I especially think of the person that I used to be. But I've always been someone who hates saying goodbye. So, I wanted to incorporate the hope of meeting again. I hope that by reading this, you are reminded of that. Think of an old friend, someone that you lost, someone you used to love, or even the younger version of yourself. By reading this letter, I hope you can revisit those memories.

Cantiamo

Rosa T. Mancuso
CREATIVE

The single-lane highway weaves between the crevices of the green mountain, bringing us further and further towards its base. My cousin, at the wheel, never lets the car dip below 120 km/h, even on roads that could send us flying off the mountainside with one unfortunately placed rock. Steering with only one hand, he puts on a pair of sunglasses and runs his fingers through the curls on his head, letting out a sigh. We haven't spoken much since I arrived.

"So you, ah… you like Italy, yes?" He pauses to think between each word.

"*Yes, I like a lot*," I respond clumsily, in Italian. "*But I see only small city. I do not see big city yet*."

"*Ah, so you haven't been to Rome yet*?" he asks.

"*I see Rome when I leave the airplane, but then I get on another airplane and I come here*."

My cousin's town is at the top of the mountain, hidden away from the rest of the world. Leaving it, if only for a couple hours, feels like a tethered spacewalk.

"*Toronto is a big city*," I state. "*I really like the big city*."

"*Yeah, me too. I'll come visit America eventually*."

"*It is not America, it is Canada*!" I mime punching his arm. He smiles and pushes his sunglasses higher on the bridge of nose.

He tries to speak my language again. "I like de music in English, you know?"

"Oh, nice! What kinda music d'you like?"

"Ah, rap," he says, rolling the R and attacking the P.

He brings a hand to his phone, which is clipped onto the vent. His eyes flick between the device and the road stretching out before us, now a flatter terrain. The sun's rays glint off the windows.

He taps his phone, and I hear a faint bassline from the car speakers. He cranks a knob on the radio, and the beat grows.

Barely missing a beat, my cousin raps along with the artist. I catch words here and there, like *brothers, keys, remember,* and *game*, but it's in Italian and I can't make out the rest. I'm impressed nonetheless.

The song finishes, and he sings along to the next one too. I bounce with the bass as I watch the wall of trees thin out to reveal green hills.

He takes a deep breath and swipes his hand across his brow with a flourish as the song finishes. I offer a round of applause.

"*Very good, yes*!"

He thinks for a moment. "What, ah, music you like?"

"*I like all the music! All the things*!" I smile, putting both of my hands in the air and waving them about. "*I really like all the music that is more fast and strong*."

"You like rap?" he asks.

"*Yes! A small bit of rap is good. I find one for you*?"

"*Yeah, go for it*!"

We take turns rapping to songs in our languages. Luckily, because of the language barrier, he doesn't notice my many stutters and stumbles.

The song finishes, and the phone plays the next song in the queue. It isn't rap: rather, it's a more familiar English pop tune. I laugh.

My cousin glances at me for a moment. "*You know this one*?"

"*Yes, I know this*!" I start singing along. After looking at me incredulously for a moment, disregarding the road, he starts singing too. I snap my fingers in time and he taps his fingers on the wheel, both hands engaged in the dance and the drive.

We speed further and further down the mountainside, singing song after song. The lush green land gives way to a sandy coast. Little houses and buildings dot the sand. The ocean shimmers below us, joining the cloudless sky.

A Review of Airports

Rishibh Prakash
CREATIVE

I love airports. I think that's partly because I love stories, and airports are so dense with stories you can feel them from a distance. You can hear it in overheard conversations and deliberately light-hearted banter on the way to the airport. The nervousness and excitement underlying casual conversations that even strangers like me can pick up. Nervous about starting a new life. Excited about finally seeing an old friend. Terrified of what is to come.

Or, perhaps you're the one starting the new journey. Maybe you're the one trying to make light-hearted conversation. Maybe you're the one pensively looking out the window, wondering when the next time you'll get to see this view will be. You're the one tallying up the events of your life so far, wondering whether they have prepared you for what is to come. And what is to come? It is hard to reign in your mind, to keep it from imagining the infinitude of things that could happen. It seems unfair to say people have an irrational fear of flying. It seems perfectly rational to focus on the concrete risks of flying rather than on the intangible terrors of The Next Thing.

But airports do more than just contain stories; they section them. Be it the short beach episode of your vacation or the start of your *Part II: A New Beginning*, the airport forms a natural checkpoint for the beginning and end. There is a narrative satisfaction to it. It is no coincidence, I suppose, that the romantic cliché is to stop one's partner at the airport.

I remember the first night I landed in Toronto. I remember taking that first shaky breath as I stepped off the plane. The cool winter air felt crisp (although I suppose any air that had not been circling through a plane for the past 14 hours would have felt crisp). It is funny the way things hit you. The idea of me travelling to almost literally the other side of the world on my own had felt ridiculous, unreal even. It had taken my stepping off the plane and taking in the Canadian air for it to actually settle in. As I navigated through the airport, I could almost feel the page turn as a new chapter began in my life, and for some reason that felt quite reassuring. It wasn't the old me facing the incoming challenges but a newer version of me, a newer version I could mould to handle these challenges.

And I will admit that it is not always easy to love the airport. As with so many things of the modern world, they seem a mess of contradictions. They house arguably humanity's greatest engineering feat. They allow us to conquer the skies, at regular intervals, thousands of times a day. And yet every time we do, we suffocate the world a little bit more. I can never decide whether to be amazed or disappointed by how small we've made the world, so that all possible destinations fit in a handful of screens. It can be mind-numbingly boring and tiring to wait for a plane that has already been delayed too many times. It is also terrifying to go through security, trying to remember whether you had somehow accidentally packed a knife, or god forbid, a bottle of water. Despite all this, I cannot help but love airports. I suppose it is as John Green wrote in reference to Canada geese: "With a song like a dying balloon and a penchant for attacking humans, the Canada goose is hard to love. But then again, so are most of us." I give airports four stars.

Til Death Do Us Part

Jackie W. Borland
CREATIVE

CW: Suicide

"Hey love, are you feeling any better today?" I slowly woke up, rubbing the sleep out of my eyes. As my vision cleared, I turned my head to see Lily, my wife, peeking in the door to my hospital room. I could feel a smile creeping onto my face. Despite how much I hate this place, Lily certainly made the experience more tolerable.

"Hi sweetheart, the doctor was here just a little bit ago, have a seat, I have an update for you." I've been stuck in this hospital for what must be about a year now, and each time we were given news, it got worse and worse. Lily tries to be hopeful, but the year has been hard on both of us. Lily thinks I don't notice the dark circles under her eyes. She's a mess, but I suppose so am I.

"Alright, I brought you some flowers since your last batch is starting to wilt, and they really should get in water so give me just a moment." Lily said, as she stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. In her left hand was a small bouquet of lilies. I couldn't stop myself from laughing when I saw them. On our first date, I had bought Lily a bouquet of lilies and a dress with lily patterns, I was a nervous mess. When I saw Lily, I called the gifts "some lilies for my Lily." The second the words left my mouth, I regretted them, blushing like crazy. But Lily seemed to find it cute enough to ask me out on a second date after that. Now special occasions are decorated with lilies. Our wedding had a small bunch of lilies at every table.

When Lily had changed the flowers and sat down, I took some deep breaths while watching my heart rate on one of the many big monitors I was plugged into. After a moment, I looked over to Lily, sitting there patiently, waiting for me to be ready. I reached my hand out as far out as I could, and Lily clasped my frail, bony hand in hers.

"I'm so sorry sweetheart, I tried my best to be strong for you, and I fought with all I had, but I guess I don't have enough left. The doctor told me earlier that it's terminal. The treatments slowed this process down, but it's past the point of no return. Lily, if I stay on life support, I'll live one more month." My tears had started to fall the second I started talking, I squeezed Lily's hand tighter, our wedding rings bumped against each other as Lily held my hand tighter too. Tears were streaming down her face, and yet Lily just sighed, and looked me in the eyes.

"How do you feel about all this… you've been saying how much you hate this place, the treatments, the pain, it's all over. I'm dreading the day, but… I've been saying goodbye on the other side of your door every time I've visited, because I didn't know if you'd still be here next time I came back." Lily started sobbing, resting her head on the bed next to me. I took my hand out of hers and ran my fingers through her hair just the way she always liked it.

"Lily, I've been thinking what I would do if this happened for a long while too, I can't do much, but I've decided to believe in an afterlife." I said quietly. Lily looked up at me, her bloodshot eyes meeting mine directly.

"Decided? Is that the kind of thing that you can just decide to believe in? I always thought you said you weren't religious."

"Oh, no Lily, not like heaven or hell, just an afterlife. When we got married, we swore to love each other till death do us part. And I wondered, what comes after that? I suppose our marriage lasts until we die, so… would you go out on a date with me in the afterlife?" Lily paused, looking at me dumbfounded, before a weak bit of laughter escaped her. She smiled up at me, and I swear I fell in love all over again.

"God, of course I'll take you out on a date in the afterlife dork. But you'd better find a place for us to go quickly, because I can already tell that I won't be far behind you." Tears still flowed freely down both of our cheeks, but there was a sense of acceptance in the room.

"In that case Lily, would you get the doctor? I want to spend my last few moments with you fully unplugged so I can drift off peacefully."

"Anything for you, love."

Rolling Into April

Neruka Joseph
POETRY

Never before had he thought of
Going dancing along a London bridge
To prove to his lover that he would rather
Give the world a scene to laugh at on
You-Tube before he would ever give
Up on their relationship.

Never again could he even consider
Going away from her in an attempt
To nurture his fears and
Let go of their dreams. How could
You, really, after so joyously planning to walk
Down the aisle to a forever after.

Never, not even at the end of time, was he
Going to let go of her hand.
To do so would mean to
Run in circles for the rest of his life,
Around and around as if he were playing a game
And they were but two strangers who could easily
Desert one another. They had promised each other too many
You and I's to not preserve such a perennial masterpiece.

Author's Note: Always remember to find the beauty in new beginnings—you never know what they may have in store for you! Consider, for instance, the first word of each line in this poem. <3

Envy of the Mind's Eye

Alex Jenkins
POETRY

I woke at midnight from a pleasant dream
Where I was not myself in all but mind;
When, grafted to a far more fruitful tree,
My branching spirit found its peace in life;
I've spent the night in contemplative thought.

About a perfect form we, each, have dreamt
A shining visage, that's what I've been taught;
A palace, drawn and built to be well kempt
Then laid with marble floors, and walls of gold;
We're told this is a dream we cannot live.

So should I be content and make the most
Of what I've got, and what I have to give?
It does no good to want, to dwell upon
The verdant meadow grasses of my dreams.

I did not choose to be this way in life.
My mind is just its own at times it seems;
I yearn for gold and marble in my dreams.

Spring Will Come

Michelle Z.H Wang
CREATIVE

"Breaking news! Studies show that the new 'fifth' season of the year may be the worst effect of climate change yet! Is the end near?"

Sinking into the lumpy embrace of my dorm bed, I begin to miss my past. The simpler times of childhood when our sense of self and the world around us was characterized by dumb little questions: What's your favourite colour? How's the weather today? What's your favourite season? I chuckle and whisper to myself, quiet enough to not wake my roommates: "Green. Lovely. Spring." Oh, how I miss spring. I press my face against the window and close my eyes to imagine what sunshine could feel like. Perhaps I could pry my imagination wide enough and forcefully dig out some joy, even just a crumb from the absurdity that is playing pretend. Despite being January, the window is eerily warm. I look out to the soot-covered concrete jungle that is the city and tell myself that this is the new norm. Raging storms, pouring acid rain, and filthy gray clouds that cover every crevice of the sky no matter night or day. The air is hot, humid, and filled with despair. How could I possibly look forward to growing up in a world so broken?

It's only the first year. I assure myself, knowing well it's only going downhill from here. Regardless, I sit up in my bed and hold my knees to my chest, desperately trying to paint a future worth looking forward to without feeling like I'm lying to myself—but nothing feels real anymore. What started off as invigorating excitement for new friends, new knowledge, and a new self has been ruined by the weather. The weather? It sure sounds dumb trying to blame my inadequacies on the goddamn weather, but both the violent thunder in my head and flashes of lighting outside simply make it too difficult to stay positive about what could be.

Shaking off the fog, I lie down to rest, instinctively reaching for my phone, and immediately scroll through the viscous stream of dopamine makers. TikTok, then Youtube, Instagram, then TikTok again. Why take the initiative to make a change when perfection is at your fingertips? After all, spring, summer, and fall only last three months in total now. The rest? The rest is just the numbing misery of needing to shelter from the horrors of climate change and the ever-pressing fate of global demise.

Hours pass by, and soon, the theoretical sunrise comes. Of course, the weather doesn't allow any light to shine my way, but I'm okay. Right? I'm okay. Right? I yawn while beginning to spiral about the state of my okayness. To be perfectly honest, I have no idea about the state of the present, how I feel, and what I'm doing—what I think is all a blur. Being someone who has always made a plan, the absence of certainty really scares me. Looking to the east corner of my bed from the pool of tears in which I lie, I see 8:30. The sun has risen. I stretch my aching soul and make my way toward the mirror. Smeared mascara, lopsided blush, and faded eyeliner. A sight that makes my eyes sore. I thought 18 was supposed to be beautiful. Despite my reflection, I wash my face with the viral salicylic acid cleanser that's all the hype right now. The icy water splashing on my face wakes me up from my digital slumber. This is the real world, I tell myself.

I walk cautiously back to my room and catch a glimpse of something sticking its ear out from my perfectly organized shelf of fantasy novels. My photo album. Not the rainbow-coloured app on my phone but the actual physical book that thankfully exists in the solid realm. I make the best decision in a long time and flip it open, not to the first page but to the middle. To the last picture I gently taped in with my galaxy-themed washi. My grandfather. His smile is so bright that, at the moment, I forget that the light outside exists. Oh, how I miss my grandfather. I begin to cry. Real tears this time, not the plastic stuff that superficially comes out when yawning in bed after gluttonously fast content consumption. Quickly, I catch my tears before they drip onto the page and wipe my eyes. The picture is clear now. My grandfather was watering seedlings he'd planted last spring.

Suddenly, I see the meaning of it all. I see who I am and what I ought to be. I brush my fingertips across the pressed leaf beside the picture of my grandfather and me. I am a seedling. I smile. In this cruel world, life still grew, and flora and fauna continued to thrive in the face of uncertainty. That lawn of crocuses we had never would have known if a tsunami would come the next day, an earthquake the day after, or what utter destruction would follow the onset of a fifth season—such a sudden occurrence that, even now, we don't have a name for it. Despite not ever knowing what was to come, the crocuses grew. They didn't care if the world ended tomorrow. Hell, they didn't even care that the world might very well end the second they sprouted, because they grew regardless.

I bolt into my storage closet and dig frantically past the cobwebs and textbooks and find my sunlamp. The last thing my family gave me before it all came crashing down. As the lamp flickers on, I press my hand together and thank Mother Earth for giving me family, life, and the strength to be resilient. Smiling like the twin of my past, I begin to organize the closet. Just as everything may possibly get so much worse, they might very well become so much better.

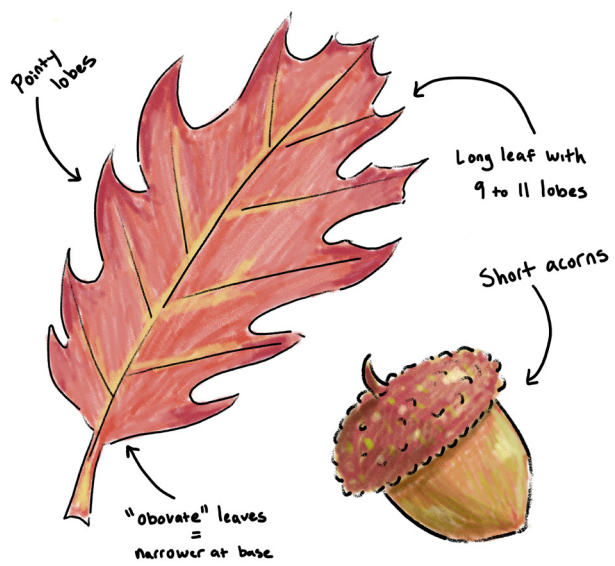
Guide to campus trees

by Mira Ghosh

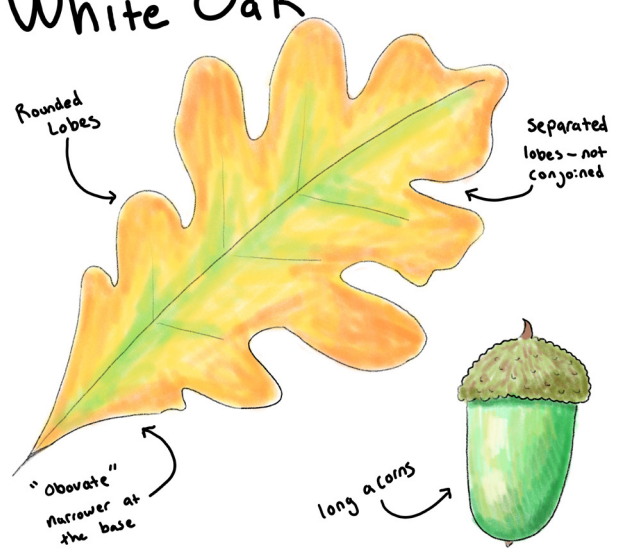
Scan to learn more about tree ID!

Cut this out to make a guide book ♡

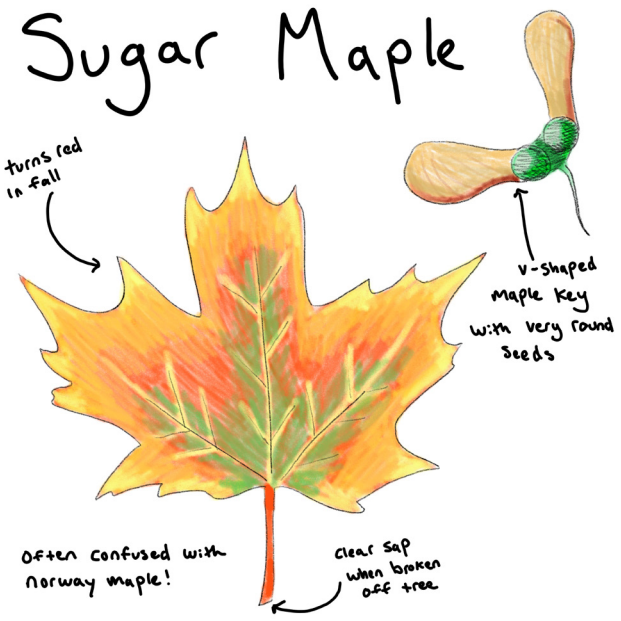
Red Oak



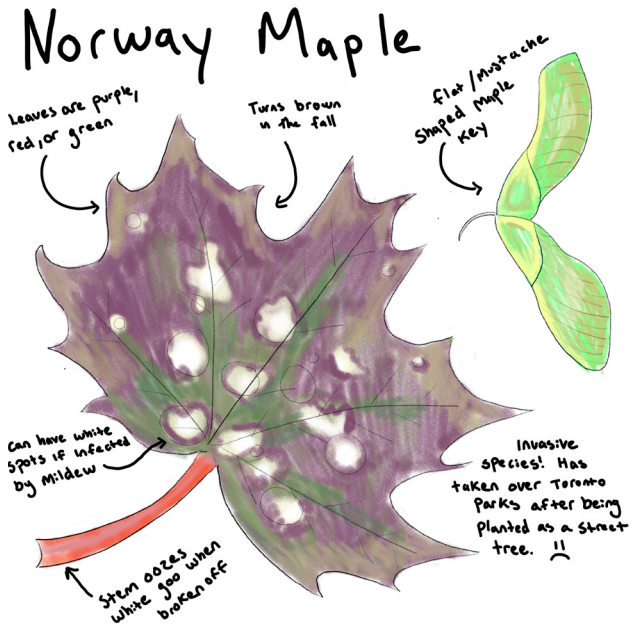
White Oak



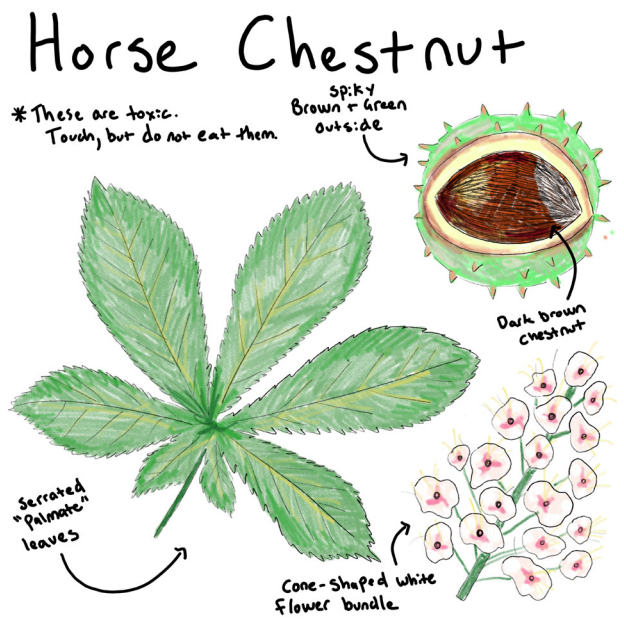
Sugar Maple


turns red in fall
V-shaped Maple key with very round seeds
Often confused with Norway maple!
Clear sap when broken off tree

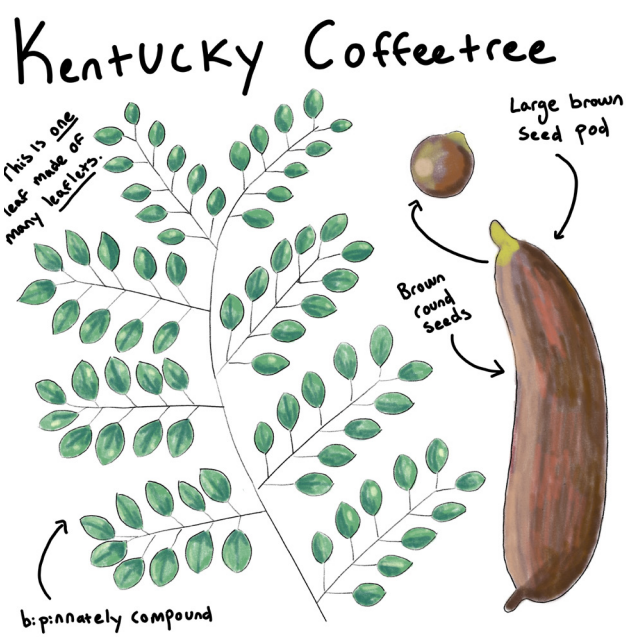
Norway Maple


Leaves are purple, red, or green
Turns brown in the fall
Flat / Mustache Shaped Maple key
Can have white spots if infected by Mildew
Invasive species! Has taken over Toronto parks after being planted as a street tree. !!
Stem oozes white goo when broken off

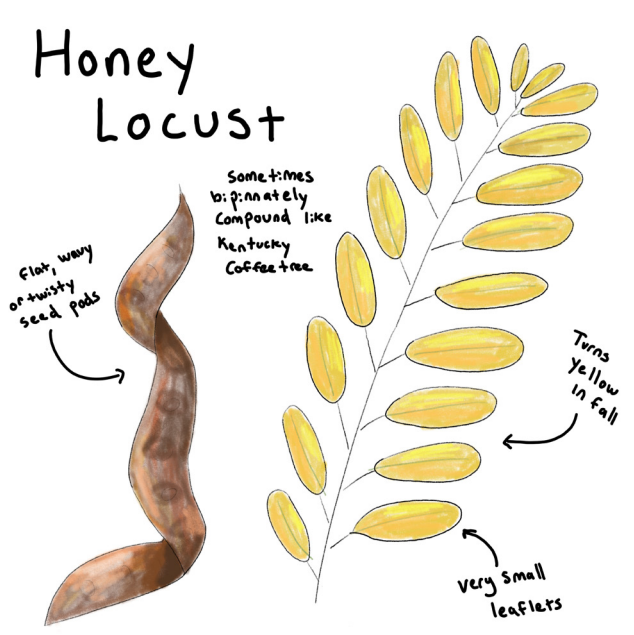
Horse Chestnut


* These are toxic. Touch, but do not eat them
Spiky Brown + Green outside
Dark brown chestnut
Serrated "Palmate" leaves
Cone-Shaped white flower bundle

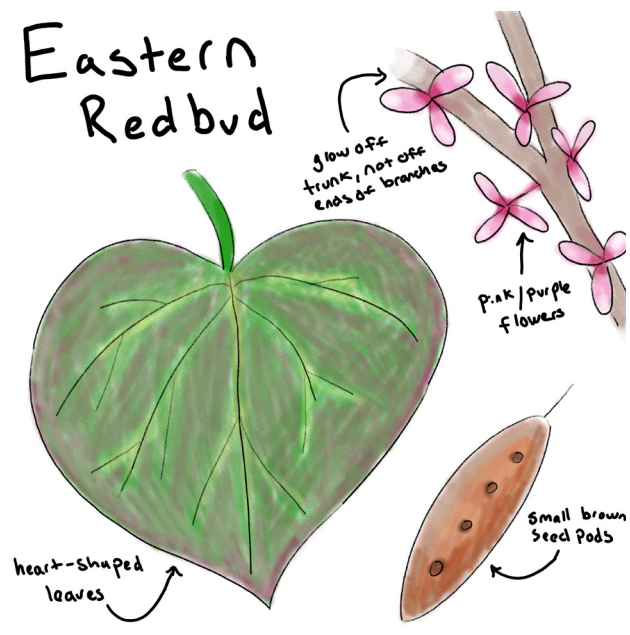
Kentucky Coffeetree



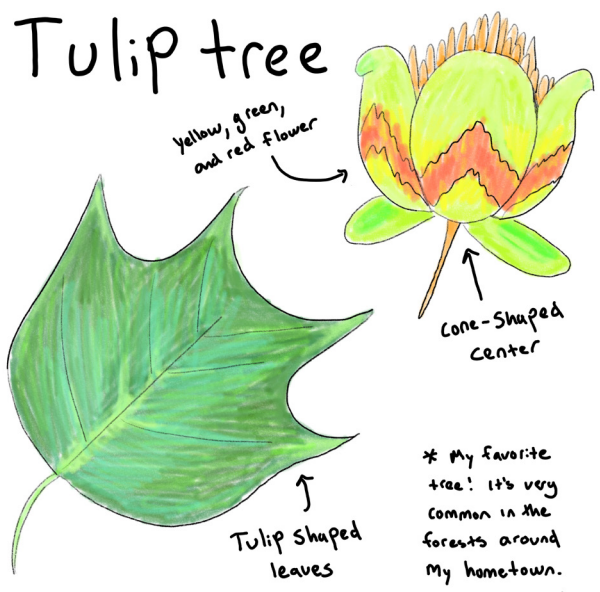
Honey Locust


Sometimes bipinnately Compound like Kentucky Coffeetree
Flat, wavy or twisty seed pods
Turns yellow in fall
very small leaflets

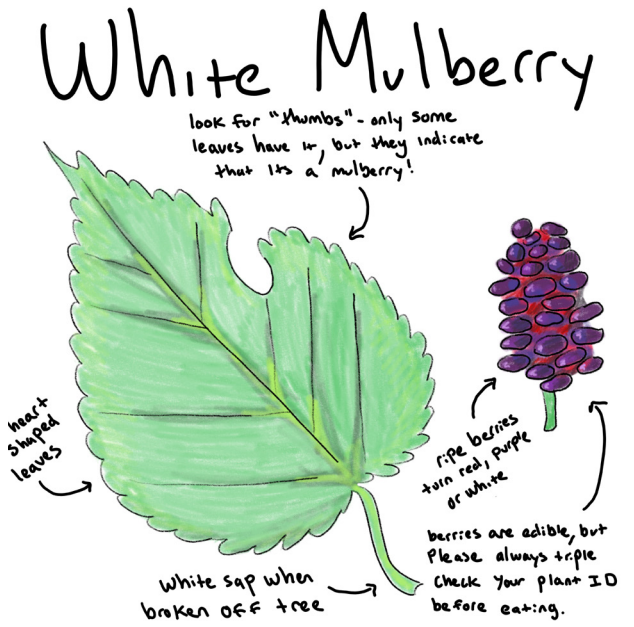
Eastern Redbud



Tulip tree


Yellow, green, and red flower
Cone-Shaped center
Tulip Shaped leaves
* My favorite tree! It's very common in the forests around my hometown. It reminds me of home.

White Mulberry


look for "thumbs" - only some leaves have it, but they indicate that it's a mulberry!
heart shaped leaves
ripe berries turn red, purple or white
White sap when broken off tree
berries are edible, but Please always triple check your plant ID before eating.

Elms

Severe population decline in the 1960's because of Dutch Elm disease.
* includes many species
sand paper texture
Small, sharp serrated edges
"herring bone" vien pattern
unique "vase" shape
branches droop down

John Tory is Out as Mayor of Toronto. What Happened, and What's Next?

Kyle Newcombe
POLITICS

I remember reading the headline like it was yesterday: "John Tory to step down as mayor after admitting to relationship with former staffer." As a frequent follower of local politics, I was stunned on February 10 when this report hit the newswire. Tory's time as mayor of Toronto had largely been devoid of drama, especially relative to Toronto's Rob Ford era. In fact, Tory had recently begun his third term as mayor, while still enjoying the support of most Torontonians.

Looking into the details of the affair, the public now knows that Tory, 68, had a relationship during the pandemic with a 31-year-old advisor while married to his wife of over 44 years, Barbara Hackett. While the age gap and the adultery are themselves notable, the fact that Tory was the woman's superior raised many ethical questions surrounding potential abuse of power. By the time the affair became public knowledge, the woman in question was no longer employed at City Hall.

As mayor of Toronto, Tory certainly did well appealing to the masses, learning from his previous missteps and election losses as the leader of the Progressive Conservative Party of Ontario. He supported traditionally progressive causes, such as affordable childcare, expansion of public transit, cycling infrastructure, and public housing, while also appealing to conservative voters with his low property taxes, willingness to outsource city services, and desire to limit bureaucracy in government processes. While Tory came across as centrist with his platforms and policies, he was often characterized in the press as a "moderate conservative."

This raises the question: how did Canada's largest city end up with not only a conservative mayor but a popular conservative mayor? In political circles, cities are often characterized as liberal strongholds; with a combination of young voters, lower-income voters, and more obvious inequality, dense cities usually favour liberal agendas and politicians.

Toronto's swing towards conservatism began in the late 1990s during the premiership of Progressive Conservative leader Mike Harris. In 1998, despite overwhelming opposition to his plan, Mike Harris pushed through the amalgamation of Toronto and "The 6ix" was born. The so-called "Megacity" plan combined Toronto, Etobicoke, Scarborough, York, East York, and North York into one new city; what we now think of as Toronto. These six separate cities became one, and politics in Toronto would never be the same.

Etobicoke, Scarborough, York, East York, and North York are fundamentally different from what is now known as "Old Toronto." While "Old Toronto" (the downtown core) is densely populated, has higher public transit provision, and is home to more young people, the remaining five boroughs are more suburban, spread out, and home to more families. The fact is that Mike Harris's amalgamation effectively amounted to gerrymandering; by combining the liberal downtown with hundreds of square kilometers of the surrounding largely conservative suburbia, Canada's most important city shifted politically to the right. Amalgamation is even to blame for Rob Ford; results from his election in 2010 showed that voter preferences were almost perfectly divided along borough lines, with the suburbs supporting Ford, while downtown strongly preferred his main rival George Smitherman.

Currently, the outsized influence of conservative politics is evident in how John Tory was able to pass his 2023 city budget. The budget includes, among other things, an increase to the Toronto Police budget, cuts to transit service, and $2 billion for repairs to the aging Gardiner Expressway, a decrepit eyesore mostly used by suburbanites, not downtown residents. The real kicker? The budget was passed *after* Tory admitted to his affair and promised to resign. Based on this awkward timing, my initial suspicion when this story broke was that Tory had no intention of making this affair public, but rather someone was onto him, and he decided to get out in front of it. Turns out I was right; the *Toronto Star* was tipped off all the way back in December that Tory's marriage was potentially in trouble.

In any event, what's done is done. Toronto's political past may be fraught with scandal and manipulation, but its future remains wide open. The by-election to replace Tory has been set for June 26th, and true to form, the provincial government is already meddling, with premier Doug Ford saying "If a left-wing mayor gets in there, we're toast. I'll tell you, it'd be a disaster". As a city, we can't keep letting our fate be decided for us, and that's why this by-election is so important. There are already a few likely candidates, and I encourage you to research their platforms to find the one that speaks most to you. As young residents of Toronto, we're the ones who get to decide how our city will continue to change, evolve, and thrive. It all starts with one simple act: voting.

Image Credit: Evan Mitsui/CBC

A Revolution Explained: What you do not know about Iran. And why that has to change.

Malaika Athar
POLITICS

If the perpetuity of click-baiting validates anything, it is that nothing sells better than fear. And subscribing to this dogma has meant that since 9/11, newspapers, cable news, blogs, social media and advertisements all over the world have capitalized on fabricating a fear of Islam. For over two decades, the average consumer has been trained to view societal ills through a warped interpretation of Islamic ideology. Scholars call this form of representation 'pulp orientalism,' whereby those of Middle East and North African (MENA) heritage are understood as either violent radicals or oppressed victims. Either way, they are personifications of a backward system broadcasted on news forums and satirical comic bits, or as personified plot devices in movies and television -- such as Raza in Marvel's *Iron Man* and Nadia Shanaa on Netflix's *Elite*. To most outside the MENA region, this pulp orientalism has interwoven a common thread of religion between the Iranian government and Iranian citizens such that they can be distinguished by obedience to or against Islam and little else. However, this is a gross oversimplification. Simply put, the people of Iran are engaged in a civil rights revolution demanding a dissolution of the current theocratic regime under 83-year-old Supreme Leader Ali Khamenei. While the curtailment of civil liberties forms the crux of the citizens' grievance with their government, brought to ignition by the abuse and subsequent death of Mahsa Amini at the hands of the 'morality' police, Iranian leadership was already sitting on a powder keg of discontent.

To begin with, Former U.S. President Trump's sanctions after Iran failed to dismantle its nuclear program according to the 2015 Joint Comprehensive Plan of Action (JCPOA) in November 2018 led to a sharp nosedive in the currency value of the Iranian Rial. This was soon followed by the prohibition of all political candidates except the Khamenei-backed Ebrahim Raisi in the 2021 presidential race, which gathered the lowest voter turnout in Iran yet. Additionally, 60% of Iran's economy is state-planned and the other private 40% has to compete with large state-funded businesses masquerading as independent religious enterprises. This has resulted in economic monopolization that has produced a ten-fold increase in the cost of everything since 2018 with record high unemployment and declining wages. Worse still, their reaction to those who dissent, either in mass protests or individual acts of activism, has been various apropos militia groups—including but not limited to the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps (IRGC), Basij, FARAJA and Special Units – who are tasked with stifling civil liberties in all degrees including orchestrating arbitrary arrests during peaceful protests to enacting the capital death penalty without due process. Cumulatively, the government of Iran in the last five-years has constantly violated their citizen's rights as enshrined in Iran's Constitution of 1979, including the prevention of foreign economic domination over the country's economy (Article 43.8), the election of the President on the basis of public opinion (Article 6), enablement of freely held public marches (Article.27) and prohibition of torture for information (Article 38). Islam is finally brought into the civic discourse as an all-inclusive justification for the aforementioned economic, political and social ordains to legitimize their theocratic power and prevent any further accountability, regardless of how little influence the religion actually had on their policies.

In essence, it can be said that Iran is plagued by a systematic inertia of insensitivity and greed among those holding the highest offices. The issue is they perpetuate their legitimacy by consolidating oppressive archaic hierarchies but then justify them as a preservation of ancestral ideology. As with new restrictions on reproductive rights in America, albeit on a lesser scale, Ali Khamenei's theocracy consolidates oppression vis-a-vis women's bodies. They have done so by mandating a form of veiling for women whose parameters can be arbitrarily set by any militia onlooker, rejecting the exercise of female financial autonomy without male consent and prohibiting women from places of public gathering including political assemblies and sports stadiums. Although the biases of pulp orientalism suggest these rulings to be directly inspired from Islam, this is not the case. The term hijab is specified for women and men to mean the "lowering of their eyes and guarding of their chastity" and that to ensure so for themselves, women can draw their veils over their chest (Quran 24:30-31). Even if the woman has not done so, the men are then obligated to maintain their hijab and avoid making assumptions of her character (Quran 49:12). Most scholars of Islam also unanimously rule that a woman (a wife or otherwise) has a due right to her inheritance and to spend her own money in all circumstances (al-Mughni, 4/513; al-Ansaaf, 5/342; al-Baari, 5/318). And the idea of banning women from mobility in society is not only completely absent in the Quran and Sha'aria Law, but unfathomable by scholars who prove that under the leadership of their Prophet Muhammad (PBUH), women regularly practiced medicine (Rufayda al-Aslamiyyah), philosophy (Aisha bint Abu Bakr), politics (Nusayba bint Ka'b), business (Khadīja bint Khuwaylid) and science (Al-Shifa bint Abduallah). Article. 20 in the Iranian Republic's Constitution ordains that policies for women will be constructed on the basis of Islamic Law but as hence proven, the Islamic epistemology contradicts their rulings entirely. As is sufficiently evident, despite Khameini's claims otherwise, his policies draw neither from the republic constitution it is committed to, nor the Islamic tenets it was founded upon.

I can confidently say no amount of words can ever sufficiently express the humiliation you feel at the moment you are condemned from an opportunity because of your gender. The only experience that further degrades you is when people foreign to the region allegedly try to understand your grievances, simplify the cause to a conservative religion and then resort to comfortable ignorance. On behalf of the Iranian population hence, I implore the readers of this article to begin breaking down the disillusionment pulp orientalism has synthesized within the Western collective consciousness and begin critically understanding the events occurring in the MENA region, because every day spent in ignorance comes at the cost of more innocent lives. The Iranian citizens have had their limbs of economic, political and social power amputated and their voices choked by the drawstring of Khameini branded Islam. Unless they are internally empowered by the international media, human rights organizations and unilateral political pressures, their circumstances will continue to worsen, because the Iranian Republic is committed to maintaining one doctrine alone: those in power, stay in power.

Marvel Fatigue and the Rewatchability Factor

Kiran Basra
ARTS AND CULTURE

The debate on whether Marvel movies are still good is raging across the Internet right now. On one hand, you have the elitist film critic who says that because there are aliens and explosions, these movies are worthless, as if he's never wanted to watch something just for the fun of it. On the other hand, you have the regular person who insists intellectuals are looking down on these movies because they don't understand how exhausting the world is right now and how important mindless entertainment is. After all, how can Marvel movies be bad when *Spider-Man: No Way Home* was the 7th-highest-grossing movie ever?

I really hate having to agree with my snobbish genre-hating film critic strawman. But unfortunately, he's right. These days, Marvel ***sucks***.

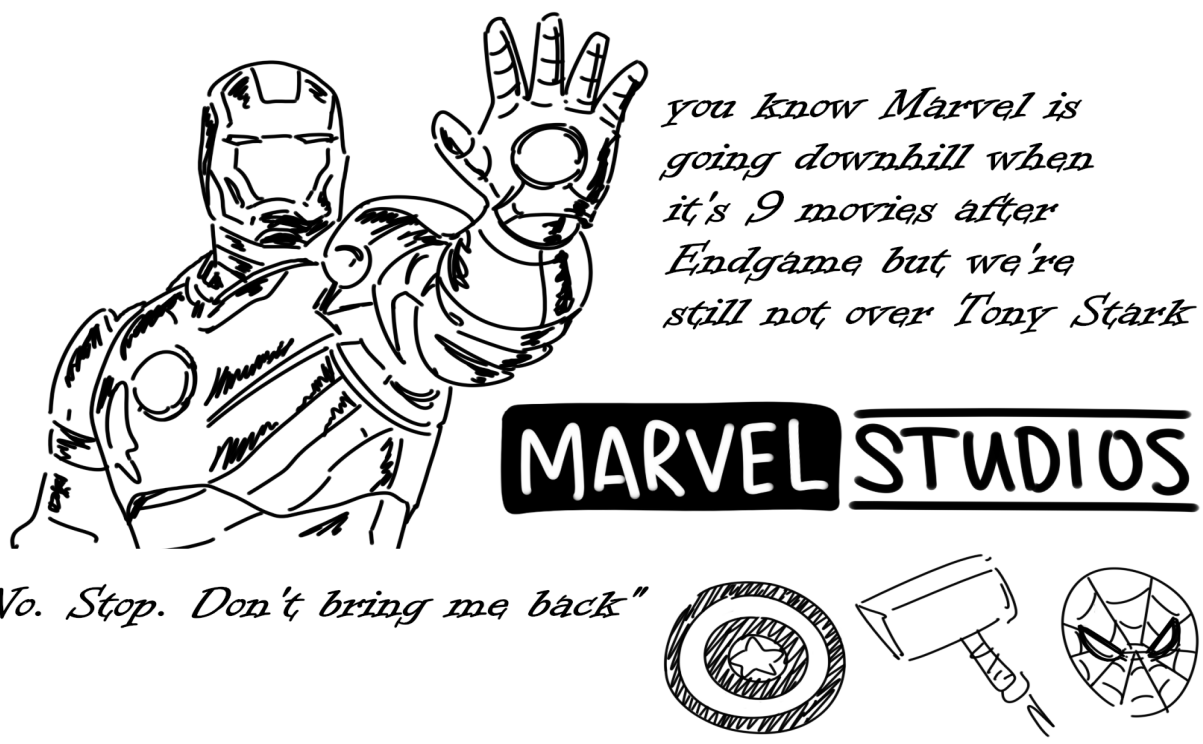
You might have loved *No Way Home* in the theatres, but have you rewatched it since then? Try rewatching it. Not finding a funny clips compilation on TikTok, not fast-forwarding to Zendaya's gorgeous face. The entire movie from beginning to end. Now that the jokes aren't fresh, now that the action set pieces aren't new, now that post-credits scene has revealed the next superhero…is it as good as it was the first time you watched it? Think of the Disney+ TV shows; I enjoyed seeing Sam and Bucky cuddle in a field of flowers, and I gasped when I found out it was Agatha all along. But I have no desire whatsoever to rewatch those shows. That tells me that Marvel isn't enjoyable anymore; to me, the mark of good art is art you want to experience again.

I'm a comics nerd. I used to go to Marvel movies because they were adapting the best storylines and characters from one of the most expansive fictional universes ever created. Now they're scraping the bottom of the barrel, and I go because I liked that actor in another thing or because I want to make sure my favourite doesn't die. I go because I'm used to it. But life is too short for bad art when there's so much good art in the world! I won't do Marvel the disservice of comparing it against *The Godfather*, because they are not 'Academy Award for Best Picture'-bait films, they are blockbusters meant for your entertainment. But movies meant to entertain can be fantastic. We rewatch Heath Ledger's Joker saying, "Hit me, hit me" in *The Dark Knight* not to see if Batman will hit him, but to watch him say it. *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy has nearly a dozen battles with the exact same setup and weaponry, but they're all interesting and engaging for the character and plot, not for some green-screened background. *Mad Max: Fury Road* didn't bait the rest of the Mad Max franchise or bring back any old side characters, but nobody watching it cared because it's a fantastic movie.

I'm not saying all of Marvel is bad. The jokes in *Guardians of the Galaxy* are still hilarious and *Black Panther* is just as engaging when you know Killmonger's secret. Thor coming into his powers on the Rainbow Bridge in *Thor: Ragnarok* gives me chills every time, and I still cheer whenever I watch the Hulk punch a Leviathan in *The Avengers*. It's heartbreaking to me that their projects started floundering under their own weight just as they started bringing more diverse stories to screen. I loved *Ms. Marvel*. From the soundtrack of Desi pop to the joy every single brown actor took in representing their culture in a context they never thought they'd be able to, I thought it was fantastic; the best adaptation to my favourite comic I could have asked for. Then I rewatched it and it wasn't nearly as good, because they were so burdened by having to reference other heroes, the multiverse, and the superhero police force that they lost Kamala's story. It's so disappointing seeing Marvel hire all these fantastically talented creators of colour and order them to make garbage and CIA propaganda.

Why is *Thor: Ragnarok* one of my favourite movies of all time, but you couldn't pay me to watch *Thor: Love and Thunder*, despite their casts and creative teams being identical? Why is it that I'm a bad movie connoisseur (if loving the *Spy Kids* franchise is wrong, I don't want to be right) and left *Doctor Strange: Multiverse of Madness* halfway through? Could be: all the best comics have been adapted already, the overworked and underpaid VFX artists, the studio's fear of spoilers restricting actors from the context of their scenes, the staleness of the formula after 15 years – take your pick. Personally, I blame it on Marvel creatives realizing we'll keep showing up no matter how good the movies are. Since DVD sales are now negligible and streaming only increases revenue through new subscriptions, they don't care if on rewatch people realize the movies are terrible. They aren't making any more money from a good movie than they are from a bad movie, so it's more cost-efficient to put some famous people in front of a green-screen than to put effort into your script.

The solution may be a boycott, but the practical solution is to raise your standards. I'm not telling you to watch deep Oscar-bait films like *Women Talking* (despite the fact that it's a fantastic movie), but there is still genre fiction out there where the creators actually care about the art they're making, instead of the money they're making off of it. Watch William Jackson Harper in *The Good Place* instead of in *Ant-Man and the Wasp: Quantumania*. Watch Michelle Yeo being stunning in *Everything Everywhere All At Once* instead of being underappreciated in *Shang-Chi*. Watch Florence Pugh and Zendaya in *Dune Volume II* instead of whatever Super Secret Avengers or Spider-Man 84: Homewrecker nonsense they're planning now. Or find even smaller productions with less famous names; personally, I'd recommend *Reservation Dogs*. There's too much good genre fiction in the world to waste your time with a studio that has stopped caring if you like their movies because they know they'll get your money either way.


you know Marvel is going downhill when it's 9 movies after Endgame but we're still not over Tony Stark
MARVEL STUDIOS
"No. Stop. Don't bring me back"

Is AI Taking My Job: An Aspiring Writer's Thoughts on ChatGPT

Ben Adar
SCIENCE & TECHNOLOGY

No, I don't think a robot is replacing me...

At least for now.

ChatGPT has given many people access to a truly advanced chatbot. Siri? Google? Who's that? ChatGPT is getting the world closer to virtual assistance on par with JARVIS of *Iron Man*. It's not there yet, but even when it comes, I see A.I. as something that can support rather than replace me.

As I write this piece, Grammarly's algorithm scans my page for errors and tells me how to improve my writing. I pay for Grammarly's services, so naturally, when I saw ChatGPT, I saw a potential alternative to my monthly subscription.

But, honestly, Grammarly and ChatGPT don't function similarly. Grammarly can run on top of most word processors like Google Docs and only gives me suggestions on what can change. ChatGPT, on the other hand, is fed a copy of the writing and then spits out some sort of alternative based on the prompts. While what comes out on the other end isn't always bad and sometimes quite helpful, it requires another round of editing to remove any roboticism from the work. ChatGPT doesn't sound very human. AI has yet to get to the point where it can mimic human writing. There is a shallowness to most of what comes out of it.

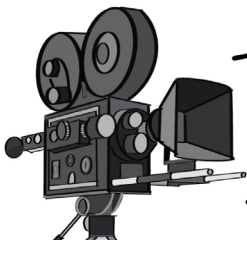
I actually asked ChatGPT if it thinks it could replace writers, and its response was pretty close to my own impression.
Me: Do you think AI will replace writers?

ChatGPT: As an AI language model, I can generate text to some extent, but I don't believe that AI will completely replace human writers anytime soon. While AI can generate text based on certain rules and patterns, it still lacks the creativity, emotions, and experiences that make human writing unique and compelling.
AI-generated text is often formulaic and lacks the depth and complexity of human writing. Moreover, writing is not just about producing words on a page, but it is also about conveying meaning, emotion, and nuance to readers. This requires a level of understanding and empathy that AI is not yet capable of.
That being said, AI can certainly be a useful tool for writers. It can help with tasks like generating ideas, providing research assistance, and even suggesting phrasing or word choices. But ultimately, human writers bring a level of creativity and insight that AI cannot replicate, making them an irreplaceable part of the writing process.

ChatGPT and I share a common belief; AI isn't here to replace humanity, but rather to support it. But if we imagine that at some point, AI does advance to a level where it can write like a human, why should we stop it or be upset? If an AI could write like a human, talk like a human, and think like a human, how far away would that be from being actually human? I'm not here to argue about what human consciousness really is or what it means to be human, although I will say if an AI could feel sadness and choose to write a poem about it, I would genuinely love to read it. I wouldn't be afraid of it replacing me or writing better articles than me; I would welcome it into the literary community and then tell them to prepare for the many waves of rejections.

For now, and probably for a while, AI will be there as an assistant, helping writers develop ideas or brainstorm some outlines for the next novel. You won't be able to rely on it to do the actual writing, unless you're okay with soulless sentences, but I'm definitely planning to use it to polish and critique my work. Because why shouldn't writers take advantage of an AI assistant, even if it gets things wrong sometimes and sound a bit robotic?

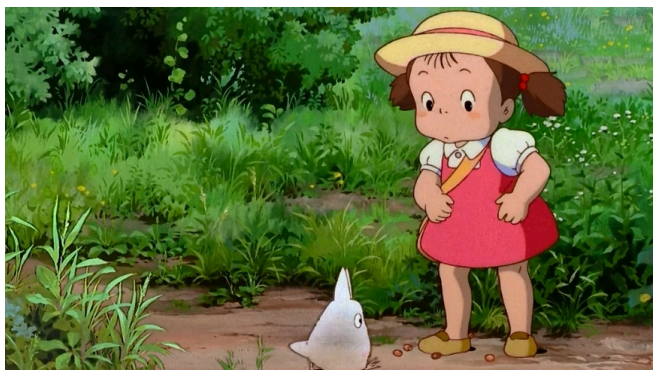
While I mention using Grammarly and ChatGPT to help edit my writing, I would hate not to remind you that both of these tools are closed-source and are able to collect and sell your data to third parties. Please read through their privacy agreements before using their services for your own work.



SAM'S SHOWTIME SCHEDULE

Sam Guevara
ARTS AND CULTURE

There is no better way of celebrating this time of the year than by being a cinephile. As skies are clearer and days are longer, there comes broader changes, wherein it feels as if the whole world becomes alive and well. As we greet goodness into our lives, let us also greet a showtime special. Screen these uplifting motion pictures meant to have you leave feeling better than you did before pressing play. With this list, find a what-to-watch guide with features alongside reviews — well, moreso rambles — of praise and commentary. Without further ado: a film bro (woman), a movie critic (avid Letterboxd user), and a cinema student (undergrad with a cinema minor) presents: **Feel-Good Flicks**.



1. *MY NEIGHBOR TOTORO* (1988) Dir. Hayao Miyazaki

"You're nice people, they won't harm you."

My Neighbor Totoro is my personal favourite Studio Ghibli release, an animation that introduces both admirable along with relatable characters who are unforgettable. Above all, it is a tale like no other that shows the beauty of being a kid, growing up, and dealing with changes in life.

2. *MARCEL THE SHELL WITH SHOES ON* (2021) Dir. Dean Fleischer Camp

"I want to be having a good life and stay alive. And not just survive, but have a good life."

Marcel the Shell with Shoes On is an A24 live action stop-motion animation which intertwines a heartfelt story and strong visuals with a powerful, poignant dialogue, all of which combine to make the viewer appreciate what is around. No matter how small or strange one may be or feel, one will always have the capability to explore the big world and experience big emotions. There is so much worth living for and there is nothing as important as community — not only for Marcel, but for you and I as well.

Fantastic Fried Chicken Sandwiches

Binseong Kim
FOOD

This is my current progress for my tier list of every fried chicken sandwich in the GTA! It all started with the incredible sandwich from Bubba's Crispy Fried Chicken restaurant (which unfortunately got closed down due to the pandemic), when I wanted to see if there are restaurants with better sandwiches than this immortal beauty.

The tier judgements are solely based on the taste, regardless of the price of the sandwiches or the distance to the restaurants. This means that, even if the sandwiches cost a lot of money and the restaurants are very far away, this will not impact the ranks in any way. The earlier versions were based on many of these additional factors, resulting in a tier list with Tim Hortons being placed above other excellent fried chicken sandwich places. Not many people could agree with this, highlighting the major flaw in the tier list. To account for this, I have decided to put a price range as a small note on each restaurant so one can make their own judgement when visiting the restaurants.

I firmly believe that a restaurant having a fried chicken sandwich on their menu shows their dedication towards the food they are making. They are surprisingly difficult to get right: buns, batter, toppings, and of course, the chicken itself. While making the tier list, I was surprised once by the variety of ranks and again by the number of restaurants in GTA that do serve fried chicken sandwiches. It will be a long journey to complete it fully (the current tier list shown is about 25% completed).This brings me joy: I can keep exploring longer!

What's Cookin': Onigiris!

Michelle Wong
FOOD

The weather is getting warmer and it's almost cherry blossom season! That said, it's the perfect time to go outside and have a picnic, alone or with someone else, and enjoy the beauty of nature while munching on some tasty onigiris! These Japanese rice balls are so versatile, you can use any fillings or flavours to your liking, and they are the perfect snack for every day, so portable and satisfying.

For this easy and delicious recipe, you will need rice (preferably sushi rice, as it is much easier), water, salt, roasted nori (seaweed), filling of your choice (canned salmon or tuna, egg, beef—anything you like!) and then optional seasoning, such as **furikake** (may consist of sesame seeds and flakes of green seaweed, katsuobushi bonito, or nori).

Ingredients:

For the onigiri:
- Japanese sushi rice or any leftover rice (warm rice is the best to work with)
- 1 Tbsp of salt
- 2 sheets of nori seaweed
- Filling of your choice (my favourite is salmon with mayo, so I will insert it below. However, feel free to use whatever you prefer!)

For a salmon and mayo filling:
- 1 small can of salmon
- 1 Tbsp of Japanese mayonnaise, or regular mayonnaise if you don't have Japanese mayonnaise
- 1/4 Tbsp of soy sauce

Preparation:

1. Cut the nori sheets into thirds.
2. Place a piece of plastic wrap over a small bowl.
3. Place the rice on the plastic wrap so it falls into the well of the bowl.
4. Sprinkle salt to taste over rice.
5. Create a small well in the middle of the rice and place about 1-2 tsp of filling.
6. Gather the corners of the plastic wrap and twist it a few times to tighten the rice.
7. Gently form into a triangular or circular shape.
8. Wrap with seaweed just before consuming to ensure the seaweed remains crispy!

If there are any leftover onigiris, be sure to wrap them in plastic wrap and seal in a container to preserve the quality. Best to consume fresh though, of course!

The Ultimate Hot Chocolate Campus Ranking by a Hot Chocolatier

Catherine Dumé
FOOD

Hot chocolate is the perfect winter drink: warm, creamy, and sweet, it's truly better than coffee in every possible way. While the concoction does have a rather bittersweet origin, today we are going to rank all of the popular (least known) cafés at St. George that serve hot chocolate.

As someone with a sweet tooth, I have spent the majority of my four years at U of T drinking and making hot chocolate. So I have tasted the best and worst hot chocolate our campus has to offer. If my list has excluded your favourite spot, let me know through letters to the editor or comments on our website. I would love to try it out!

The Method

To rank the hot chocolates, I will be exclusively relying on taste: Is it sweet? Creamy? Does it offer a rich "chocolate" taste? Does it have additional notes of flavour? Is it hot enough (not burning hot, but will last long)? Overall, if I enjoy the hot chocolate I will rank it 10/10. I will try to include the cost, and if necessary, provide commentary on the general vibe of the cafe, as well as how to find it!

The Official Ranking (least to best) -

This list used to be 20, but because of word limit I had to cut it down! Check the website for the other rankings!

1. **Second Cup's Blue Hot Chocolate (5.5)- Sidney Smith Hall**
   I know what you are thinking: anything called Blue Hot Chocolate is probably the weirdest thing to market, even as a part of their Winter Blues collection. From what I understand, it is basically white hot chocolate with blue powder or syrup. I will say the "blueness" doesn't add much to the experience (other than being blue which is why it gets an extra 5 points) but it does offer a faint bitter aftertaste which does take you out of it. It is drinkable and a fun thing to try, but it is not something I am going to buy again.
2. **Oats Cafe (6.5) - Bay Street**
   This is a very well-hidden cafe—it's located in an alleyway, of all places. That being said, it's so adorable. The interior is gorgeous. While their Avocado Toast Sandwich is delish, I can't say the same for their hot chocolate. It's a tad watery for my taste and overall nothing special. .
3. **Innis Cafe's Regular Hot Chocolate (7.5/10) - Innis College**
   I know what you are thinking, Innis. How could I, an Innisian, rank our beloved cafe at a 7.5? Well, I'm not ranking their cafe—if I were, I would rank their customer service 11/10. Rather I'm ranking their HC which costs about 2 dollars for the small size. This makes it the cheapest one on the list. Even though their hot chocolate is exactly what you expect hot chocolate to be, it actually remains hot for a good amount of time.
4. **Arbor Room's Regular Hot Chocolate (8/10) - Hart House**
   The Arbor Room is my favourite cafe on campus. Located in the basement of Hart House, the newly renovated space is a perfect place to study if you value quietness, or if you want to meet up with your friends who have classes on opposite sides of campus. A perfect middle ground. Now I really love their mocha, but since we are not ranking coffee, their hot chocolate is equally as good and is really hot!
5. **OSSIE S'more Hot Chocolate (9/10) - St. George Station Bedford**
   Yes, it is coming from a small packet to which they add water/milk, but it actually tastes like s'mores. It even has a little bit of mini marshmallows to sweeten the deal. It may come in a small cup, but is better than the regular hot chocolate from most places for sure.
6. **Caffiends Strawberry Hot Chocolate (9.5/10) - Victoria College**
   Located in the lobby of Old Vic, the student volunteer-based cafe is superior to Starbucks or any big food chain. Their hot chocolate is thick and creamy, and has a dollop of whipped cream and foam on top and chocolate bits at the bottom. But what makes this one special is that they added a squirt of strawberry syrup to create that faint yet wonderful note of strawberry. I will also mention that Caffineds is ecologically conscious, meaning they serve their drinks in fun mugs that you can take with you on campus (you just need to return it back). However, because they are actual mugs, they don't stay hot very long and discourage you from going very far. It is best to bring your own tumbler if you plan on leaving the cafe. But the cafe itself is really nice, small and cozy, and they also offer small pastries to eat with your drinks.

So that's the official ranking! What do you think? Do you agree? Disagree?

But of course, one shouldn't have to go out and buy hot chocolate every day. It may seem like just a couple of dollars, but over time that adds up and you can find yourself spending hundreds of dollars a month just on hot chocolate.

So here is a quick recipe to make sweet, creamy hot chocolate at home! This recipe is designed to be overly sweet! So adjust to your own taste!

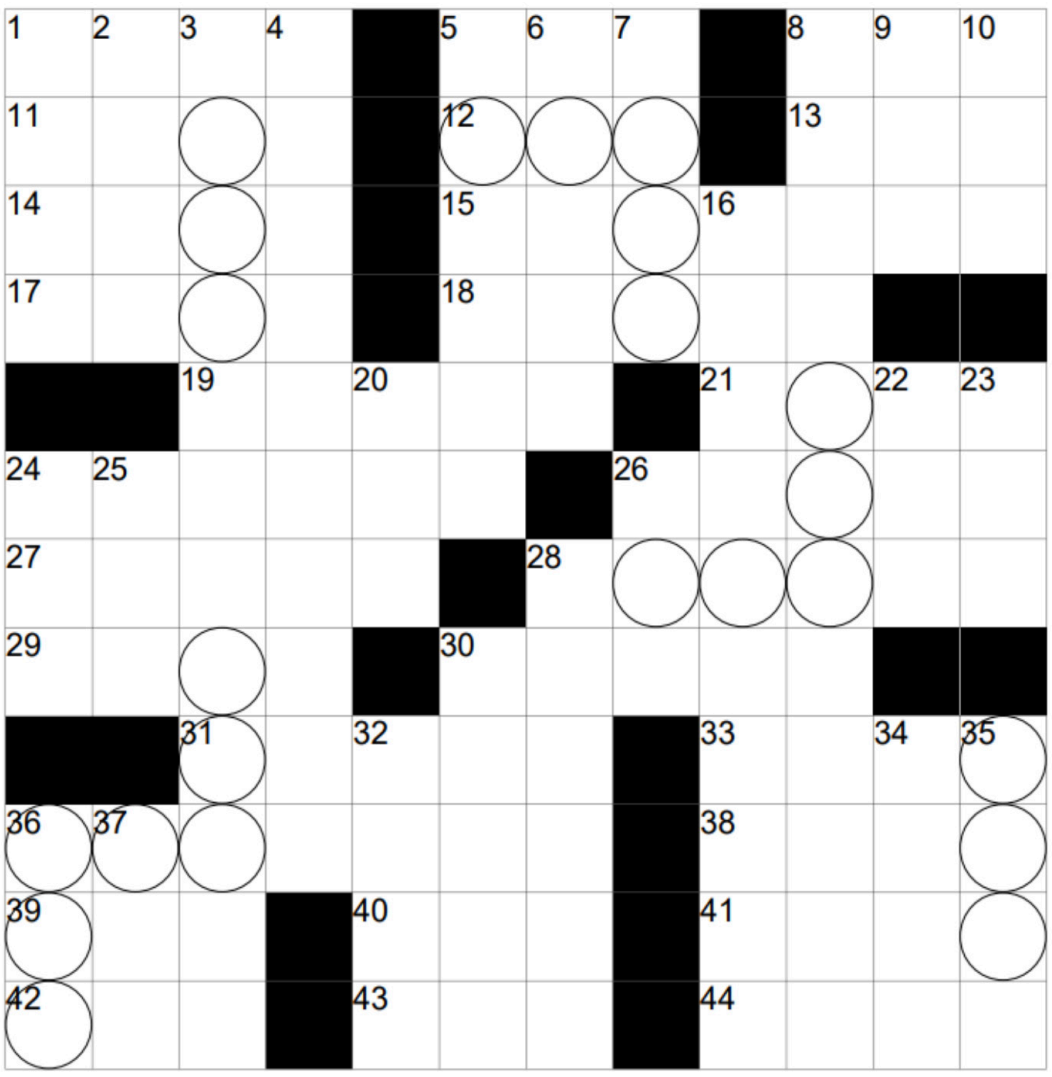
You will need the following ingredients:

- Two of your favourite Chocolate Bars - (Mine are Dark & White Hersheys)
- Regular Chocolate Mix (quarter cup)
- Your choice of milk - mine is 2 percent (1 cup)
- Brown Sugar (three tablespoons)
- Additional things you could add: cinnamon, nutmeg, vanilla, marshmallows, whipped cream, brewed coffee… the list goes on.

- Take your chocolate bars and break them in half. Then using a black-handle knife, chop the dark and white halves up into smaller pieces.
- On the stove, pour your cup of milk into a saucepan and put it on medium. Then add your chocolate bars and let them melt into the milk. Make sure to stir as often or it will stick to the pan. As the milk turns brown, add your chocolate mix and any of your additional ingredients. Bring it to a boil. Once it starts boiling, remove it from the heat.
- Now you are supposed to let it cool for five minutes, but I don't have patience and have a tongue of steel…. wait, that conducts heat, ugh, I hate physics….ANYWAY, you get the point. I tend to just pour into my mug/ tumbler of choice. It may be a bit too hot to sip right away, but what you should have is something thick, creamy and insanely sweet, probably well past the verge of unhealthy.

The ____

Rick Lu



CLUES

ACROSS

1. Roblox sounds
5. Silent communication, abbr.
8. A "day" on Mars
11. Spurt
12. Limit whose right and left hand sides are unequal, abbr.
13. Tit for ___
14. Something you should stay in
15. Fake teeth
17. Shoppe word
18. Was a prelude (to)
19. Old anesthetic
21. Horse strap
24. Underground
26. Harry's wife in "Harry Potter"
27. Downton ___
28. Huron-___, Indigenous nation of the Great Lakes
29. Profound
30. Abstain from
31. More pleasant
33. Toothpaste container
36. Evokes affection
38. "Are in", in French
39. Gimmick of the 1939 novel "Gadsby"
40. Deg. combining healthcare and applied science
41. Rosebud, e.g.
42. Arcade game involving one's feet, for short
43. tan*cos
44. Keyboard mistake

DOWN

1. Capital of Norway
2. Iridescent gem
3. Minor accident
4. Sugary term of endearment
5. Confused
6. Contemptuous look
7. Give, for a while
8. In an extraordinary way
9. Boat propeller
10. 4G letters
16. Diagnostic for a smart computer
20. "Yo!"
22. Words before "pickle" or "pinch"
23. Second-best crossword source, abbr.
24. Type of guy
25. Purple yam used in Filipino desserts
26. Eur. country
28. Go downhill
30. Physicist Enrico with a paradox named after him
32. Taxis
34. R2D2 noise
35. Opposite of exo
36. Conclude
37. Head movement

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http://theinnisherald.com/

The Innis Mosaic curated by Rhea Gosain

- Jake ripped an issue of the Herald in front of my very eyes. He is dead to me.
- Innis students forget about their deadlines at Belfast Love on Valentine's Day Weekend. "22" by Taylor Swift was the song of the night and tequila shots were the drink of the night.
- D and K spotted taking a romantic stroll on Valentine's Day. *Where will we spot these two love birds next?*
- Medsci is a fucking fever dream. There are stains on the ceiling with water dripping into buckets, midterms where the prof must come and explain how half the questions are wrong and students who sharpen their pencils with knives during said crazy midterms. *Knives! Thnx, I'll pass.*
- My toxic trait is applying U of T time to every aspect of my life. I'm only late if I arrive more than 10 past the hour.
- J thinks ketchup on pasta is a valid comfort food. *I think throwing up is a valid response to this.*
- Sam makes fun of Jake's donut choice. She claims that original glazed is superior.
- Conorr says "you're telling me there isn't a single country for old men? seriously?"
- This goes out to all the film bros: Snorting Adderall at a party as I recite the entire criterion collection chronologically by spine number.
- Lina has been extremely lucky for the past week and she wonders whether or not this is part of the deal she made with the devil in her dream.
- Everyone kept making out behind me at the gala. Seriously, I have 0.5s to prove it.
- I don't think I have ever been comfortable in the Innis College basement men's bathroom. I was there today and tell me why people are standing there for SO LONG?! I never like to judge people's bathroom habits cause it's none of my business but somehow, in that basement, I just don't feel safe. *nervous laughter*
- I saw two of my friends eat each other's faces off during Fae Gala. I don't know how to bring it up, should I? *Depends, do you love the drama or does it love you?*
- Overheard in the ICSS office: A: Does anyone have hand lotion? B: I have lube!
- Every time I have worn Innis merch, I've been beaten up (in a good way). Respect my man.
- Bow down to Queen Kelly!
- If someone asked me for my Letterbox, I'd fold.
- Innis College's new hook-up spot: the Projection Booth. Nice and private, sometimes interrupted by AV but they don't mind. 8/10.
- I've been shooting my shot with men for MONTHS. I've misses every single one and I am at my wits end. *I getchu girl. Need some of that Inferno Rizz.*
- Sam smacks Yash on the head with the UC Gargoyle. #JustInnisThings teehee
- Honorable mention to Rahul for keeping us at the back of his mind and being our most engaged person on Insta despite not even following us.

ANSWERS